

# ACKERSON'S SOUTHERN EVENING POST

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Bulletin, No. 335.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
By *Samuel Collier*, *Editor*,  
No. 30 CARTER'S ALLEY,  
Third door below Third street, near the Bank  
TERMS—50c. a copy, 25c. a week.  
25c. a month.  
25c. a year.  
Papers may be had in the office of the publisher  
while supplies are due.

“Send news of Slave Raids, Slave Shelters of Georgia, and other news of the South, to the Post Office, and pay your bill to the Post Office.”

“Urged Letters not later than the Post-Office.”

“Written for the Evening Evening Post.”

“Written for the departure of the Rev. J. N.

“To the Woods.”

“What distant home is that I leave?”

“Which breaks upon the only site,  
With man's soft, and mother's care—  
A scene of desolation, the contrast—

“A woman fair, whose radiant light,  
Shines over gloom of night, and  
A moral light mortal gives,  
To cheer their pathway on to heaven.”

“It moves majestically along,  
And fills the earth with its charms—  
A scene of beauty, and of grace,  
Where glowing light of beauty blazes.”

“But ah! to Western skies again,  
I see it glows in hill and pine—  
Par' o' Alabama's frosty clime.”

“I see now 'low the sun is low,  
Thou goes to seek the blighted even!

“Thou goest to seek the blighted even,

“To seek the blighted even,







Whether the opinion of lots,  
What given is all his flavor:

From the Atlas and Consolations.

THE PATH OF THOMAS BROWN.

Showing the folly of going "a-muck" and the evil consequences attending them:

A shrewd man Thomas Brown,  
He held no work to do,  
And so, one day, came to drown  
The fun of Tom, Brown got his!

And so he strode his home to gain,  
He chanced a post to gain,  
The contest was a source of pain,  
And Brown fell in the street.

A friend who new poor Tom fell down,

"He's lost," cried Tom, "my name is Brown—  
My back is black and blue."

"Oh, Thomas Brown," said Tom's friend,

"What have thought of that?"

Quoth Tom, "I'm not what an end  
Will come to me, come to me!"

Now Tom's world has, but he's not gained  
His understanding yet;

For though his friend was much pained,  
He left him in the street.

"Pew! you up?" said Tom, "I'm more  
Than you are, and I'm more!"

"I'm not such a wise before,  
Since I have sinned."

"You know, if in this state I'm found,  
And cannot make a fast,

My wife will make me earn much,

And strap me well, hard!"

He hastened from left to gain  
The fun of Tom, Brown to gain.

Thought Tom, "I'd not have been so far,  
If I'd not got so high."

"Before I help," a prayer cried,

Quoth Tom, "The cause of men's woes  
Are, my, my gods, concern."

"And if I help you up, now,  
Will you give me another?"

"Hark, Tom, Tom, Tom, Tom,

Put on a softy face, down,

&lt;p